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Malone. B.  
128.

Malone. B. 128.



**H I B E R N I A**  
**F R E E D.**  
**A**  
**TRAGEDY,**

As it is Acted at the  
**THEATREROYAL**  
*In Lincoln's - Inn - Fields.*  
*W. Phillips*

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**L O N D O N :**

Printed for JONAH BOWYER, at the *Rose*  
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To the Right Honourable

**HENRY O BRIEN,**

**Earl of THOMONDE.**

*My Lord,*



HIS Play naturally claims your Lordship's Protection. When an *O Brien* is my Hero, the Head of that illustrious Family will vouchsafe to be my Patron. Tho' the Histories of *Ireland* are not writ in such a manner as to intice many  
Readers,



Readers , ( a Misfortune however ,  
 not particular to that Nation ) yet  
 none are ignorant that Your Lordship is  
 lineally descended from the Monarchs of  
 it. To make Application then to any  
 other, seems to me injurious to my Sub-  
 ject.

As Love of my Country induced me  
 to lay the Scene of a Play there; so the  
 particular Honour I bear to, and ought  
 to have for, Your Lordship's Family, oblig'd  
 me to search for a Story, in which one  
 of Your Lordship's Ancestors made so  
 noble a Figure ; for what is so noble as  
 to free ones Country from Tyranny and  
 Invasion ? I wish some more able Pen  
 were employ'd on such a Subject, that  
 Your Lordship might be better enter-  
 tain'd,

tain'd, than I fear can be expected from me. I presume however to hope, Your Lordship will accept this Performance, this Attempt in Praise of my Country and of Your Lordship's Family; because a sincere honest Intention never fails of a favourable Reception from a generous Mind.

Indeed I am to beg Pardon for introducing Your Lordship's Name on the Stage, without having first obtain'd Permission. I will deal sincerely; through Consciousness of my own Inability I kept Silence: Men seldom have such mean Thoughts of themselves, as others know they ought; to have, and having a Mind to make this Story my Subject, I was unwilling to be discouraged.

Your

Your Lordship will allow me to take this Occasion of paying my Acknowledgments to the Town for their Indulgence to this Play, because That has encouraged me to address my self to your Lordship in this Manner, and has afforded me a fresh Opportunity of desiring the Honour to be thought,

*My Lord,*

*Your Lordship's,*

*Most obedient, and*

*most faithful. Servant,*

**Will. Philips.**

# PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. Quin.

**L**ong have we thought, much Labour has it  
cost,

What sort of Prologue 'tis wou'd please you most.

Some usher in their Plays with keenest Satyr,

And by Invectives wou'd incite Good-Nature.

Shou'd you condemn, your Judgment they arraign,

And hear you kiss and censure with Disdain.

Others by mean Submission plead their Cause,

And by insidious Flattery win Applause.

And some by Faction, and in Party, strong,

Through five dull Acts their Politicks prolong.

So Bristol Stones like real Gems appear,

We dare not question what the great ones wear.

Be far remov'd from us such Thoughts as  
these;

By no such Methods we aspire to please.

Whate'er we plot, howe'er we threat or sue,

From your just Sentence we shall have our Due.

Vernish and Gilding the unskill'd may cheat,

But soon worn off, you see the gross Deceit.

Howe're the tempting golden Oar may shine,

The Royal Stamp must make it current Coin:

Our Sov'reigns you; we patiently submit,

You Frown or Smile, 'tis Nonsense or 'tis Wit.

Fain

## P R O L O G U E.

*Fain wou'd we please and common Arts avoid,  
For soon with Repetition you are cloy'd.*

*Here then, through love of Change, sometimes  
repair,*

*And let us equally your Favours share.*

*Let not one Fondling all your Wealth inherit,*

*The Fav'rite Child not always has most Merit.*

*Warm'd by your Beams, we may dispute the  
Prize,*

*The strongest Plant without due Nurture dies.*

*In vain the Farmer tills, in vain he sows,*

*To the enlivening Sun his Crop he owes.*

*Cherish'd by you, we may improve each Day,*

*Poets may better Write, we better Play.*

**Dra-**



# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

<i>O Brien</i> , Monarch of <i>Ireland</i> ,	<i>Mr. Boheme</i> .
<i>O Neill</i> , King of <i>Ulster</i> ,	<i>Mr. Ryan</i> .
<i>Herimon</i> ,	<i>Mr. Hulet</i> .
<i>O Connor</i> ,	<i>Mr. Eggleton</i> .
<i>Eugenius</i> , A Bard,	<i>Mr. Rogers</i> .
<i>Turgesius</i> , King of the <i>Danes</i> ,	<i>Mr. Quin</i> .
<i>Erric</i> ,	<i>Mr. Walker</i> .

## W O M E N.

<i>Sabina</i> , Daughter to <i>O Brien</i> ,	<i>Mrs. Seymour</i> ,
<i>Agnes</i> , Daughter to <i>Herimon</i> ,	<i>Mrs. Bullock</i> .



# HIBERNIA freed.



## ACT. I. SCENE

*The Hill of Tarah, in the County of Meath. An open Place before the Monarch's Tent. O'Brien sitting in his Tent, Eugenius standing by him. After a Tune is play'd on the Harp, they come forward.*

O B.



ENOUGH, it will not be; vain  
is th' Attempt  
To calm my Sorrows by Har-  
monious Airs:  
Harsh is the Sound, and disso-  
nant the Notes.  
The tuneful Harp, tho' guided  
by thy Art,

Jars in my Ears, and swells my Grievs yet higher.

*Eu.* There was a Time, when Musick charm'd you  
most;

When all the vain Amusements, Men call Pleasures,  
The Splendor of a Crown, the Pomp of Courts,  
Extended Empire, and Despotic Pow'r,  
Cou'd not infuse such heav'nly, real Joys.

B

O B. There



*O B.* There was a Time, indeed, when Musick charm'd:  
 What trivial Joys divert! The Mind at Peace,  
 My Peace is fled, ne'er shall I find her more!  
 There was a Time, when all this warlike Isle,  
 This fertile Land own'd me her Sovereign Lord.  
 How fall'n is my State! How wretched now!

*Eu.* On Thrones, in Triumphs, crown'd with all we  
 wish,  
 The Mind is on a Rack, conscious of Ill.  
 But virtuous Actions can secure her Rest,  
 Spite of Calamities or Fortune's Frowns.  
 The Conqueror, the fierce, the haughty *Dane*,  
 Admires your Valor, owns you great in Arms.  
 You have not to upbraid yourself; be calm.  
 Fatal Disunion and intestine Strife  
 Have render'd us a Prey to foreign Pow'r.

*O B.* 'Tis of small Import how, conquer'd we are.  
 Behold that neighb'ring Hill, the loftier *Skreen*,  
 And all the Vale o'erspread with hostile Troops!  
 Behold the Ensigns wrested from our Hands,  
 And the gay Plumes, which late adorn'd our Brows,  
 Wave in the Air, in Witness of our Shame!  
 View then this Remnant of *Hibernia's* Sons,  
 Hunted and driv'n to this defenceless Camp,  
 Surrounded with an Host of savage Foes,  
 Who give us Leave to live thro' Cruelty!  
 Then cease to wonder at thy Monarch's Cares,  
 Cease to upbraid; improve, urge on my Grief. —

Better by far in Tortures to expire,  
 Than thus insulted drag an odious Life,  
 Than toil and drudge in Service of our Foes.

*Eu.* 'Tis a sad Prospect to *Hibernia's* King.

*O B.* And yet he lives, *Hibernia's* Monarch lives,  
*O Brien* lives to see his People Slaves,  
 Himself a Slave, a poor precarious King,  
 Compell'd to rob and strip the lab'ring Hinds,  
 To feed the *Dane*, and to support his Riot. —

Back

Back to their Fountains turn thy Streams, oh *Boyn!*  
 No longer let thy pleasant Waters glide,  
 To glad the Eye, and fructify the Glebe.  
 And thou, fair *Tarah!* once delightful Place,  
 Once the proud Seat of Empire, lovely Hill!  
 Yield no more Fruits, no more spring up the Herb;  
 Hide thy insulted, thy inglorious Head;  
 Be levell'd to the Earth, low as my State.

*Eu.* The People's Crimes have drawn this Vengeance down,  
 Which the King's Virtue only can remove.  
 Cease your Complaints, and fortify your Mind.

*O B.* Not my own Fall, my People I lament.  
 Yet 'tis a racking Thought, I was a King.  
 Oh that I could forget what I have been!  
 Vain Wish! These Remnants shew me what I was,  
 And their Oppressions keep my Griefs awake.——

Fertile *Hibernia!* Hospitable Land!  
 Is not allow'd to feed her Native Sons,  
 In vain they toil, and a-mid Plenty starve.  
 The lazy *Dane* grows wanton with our Stores,  
 Urges our Labour, and derides our Wants.  
*Hibernia!* Seat of Learning! School of Science!  
 How waste! How wild dost thou already seem!  
 Thy Houses, Schools, thy Cities ransack'd, burnt!  
 Virgins are torne from the fond Parent's Arms,  
 And offer'd up t' appease their fancy'd Gods;  
 Or worse, must yield to gratify the *Dane*.  
 Yet we are taught to bear these Miseries;  
 Too oft the dire Concomitants of War.  
 They stop not here; Religion is prophan'd;  
 The Holy Priest, while he at th' Altar bows,  
 Is slain, and made himself the Sacrifice.  
 Our sacred Altars, Temples are o'erthrown,  
 Or else defil'd with Pagan Incense Smoke.——

Must Monarchs such Indignities support?  
 Can human Nature calmly bear such Woes?  
 Should we such Prophanation see unmov'd?

*Eu.* It is allow'd to deprecate Heav'n's Wrath:  
 But shou'd our Woes endure, shou'd they encrease,  
 We must submit; 'tis Weakness to repine,  
 Feel as a Man, but bear it like a King.

*O B.* To thee *Eugenius* I reveal my Griefs,  
 'And 'tis some Ease to speak them to a Friend.  
 Few can conceal them, fewer can support.  
 The Fortitude I shew, from thee I learn;  
 Thy pious Doctrine and thy wise Advice;  
 Teach me to bear, and give me Grounds to hope.

*Eu.* A savage Race, urg'd by their Wants to roam,  
 Have by insidious Arts usurp'd your Crown,  
 Oppress'd your People, laid your Country waste,  
 And insolently glory in their Crimes.  
 But Vengeance hovers o'er their guilty Heads,  
 And you may reign, and we may yet rejoice. —

A sudden Beam of Light, shot from above,  
 Enlightens and revives my drooping Soul. —

Hark! the Swords clash! the Groans of dying Men!  
 Confus'd they fly, avoiding, meet their Death.  
 The Tyrant bleeds to expiate his Guilt,  
 And Peace returns! what Shouts of Joy! No more —  
 Darkly we see, nor may we utter all.

*O B.* Oh! thou hast rous'd my sad desponding Soul!  
 Speak on, give thy Thoughts Vent, and charm my Ears.  
 Thy Words, pronounced in Mystic Sense, revive me. —

Oh may I live! once more in equal Fight  
 To meet the Foe, and dare the Rage of War!  
 Once more to try my Fate in Arms! to find  
 Success, or meet the great Deliv'rer, Death!  
 Perhaps my Son, my *Lucius* is decreed,  
 To reinstate his Father on his Throne,  
 His Country's Honour to retrieve, and drive  
 This Foreign Pest back to their barren Shoars.

A Faithful Band he from *Connacia* leads;  
Prosper him Heav'n, and Crown his filial Love!

*Eu.* Not so, I fear.

*O B.* Oh! wherefore dost thou fear?  
Already has thou damp'd my rising Joys.  
That fatal Word has multiply'd my Cares  
And my desponding Thoughts return. And see  
Where *Herimon* appears with mournful Air,  
And looks, as he wou'd justify thy Fears.

Enter *Herimon*.

Thy Country's Ruin, and thy King's O'rethrow,  
May well imprint such Sorrows on thy Face:  
And yet thou seem'st to bear new Loads of Grief.

*Her.* Oh could my Tidings ever be conceal'd!  
Wou'd none else wound your Ears with the sad Tale!  
By Death my Silence shou'd preserve your Peace:  
It must be known, the Consequence will speak.

*O B.* Then speak it thou; thy stedfast Faith, thy  
Love

Will dress the Message in less hideous Form.  
And yet——not so——give me to know the worst;  
Be plain, in dreadful Words speak horrid Things,  
I stand collected, and my Mind prepar'd.

*Her.* And there is need, our Servitude seems fix'd;  
Fortune still servilely attends the *Dane*,  
And persecutes us still with boundless Rage.

Oppress'd and harass'd by the cruel *Dane*,  
But more inflam'd at your dejected State,  
The brave *Connacian* Youth gladly obey'd  
The martial Summons of the Prince your Son;  
Courage supply'd Defects of Discipline  
And Arms; *Raimald*, the haughty Lord of *Kerry*,  
Brought down his hardy Troops, fatal Supply!  
The *Shannon* cross'd, they met the *Danish* Force.  
The Prince, with Skill superior to his Years,

Marshall'd

Marshall'd his Army, ready to engage.

*Rammald* approach'd your Son, and claim'd the Princess,  
To recompence the Service of that Day.

Well knew the Prince th' Importance of his Aid;

But he was conscious too, by your Consent

She was betroth'd to the *Ukomian* King.

He cou'd not grant, and was above dissembling,

*Rammald*, incens'd, withdrew. Too few the rest

To vanquish, scorning Flight—they fought—they dy'd.

*O B.* Alas my People! *Lucius!* What of him?

*Her.* Some Friends, who for his Sake surviv'd the  
Day,

Forc'd him, o'er toil'd and weak, to quit the Field,

And in the Passes skill'd, secur'd his Flight.

*O B.* That's somewhat yet, to the fond Parent's  
Grief;

Some Ease it brings, but the King's Care remains.

*Eu.* Yet are our Stripes unequal to our Faults;

Heav'n is not yet pleas'd, relents not yet.

Bear we these Woes, and deprecate th' Encrease!

*Her.* And what can give Encrease? Conquer'd, en-  
slav'd,

No Hope remaining; what can Fate do more?

*Eu.* Rash Man! Are we still harden'd in our Sin?

Not yet taught Wisdom, unsubdu'd our Pride?

Groveling our Senses, ignorant and blind,

Dare we brave Pow'r, eternal, infinite,

And dare we Worms expostulate with Heav'n?—

E'er yet the radiant Sun withdraws, I fear

Some new Addition to the Ills we bear.

My boding Mind foresees some Danger nigh,

And baleful Clouds around us threatening fly.

Beware, lest from thy House the Cause shou'd spring,

Which in thy Sorrows may involve the King.

Revere just Heav'n, implore auspicious Days,

While in my Cell I offer Pray'r and Praise. *[Exit Eu.]*  
*Her.* Tho

*Her.* The Bard unpractis'd in the Deeds of Arms,  
Unus'd to Danger, dreads approaching Death.  
In all the Forms the griev'd Monster wears,  
Dealing Destruction striding o'er the Plain,  
Unmov'd have I beheld, and dar'd his Rage :  
While by your Favour I was rais'd to Pow'r,  
When each succeeding Minute brought new Joys,  
Life seem'd a Toy, a vain and fleeting Bubble.  
What now remains, what have I now to wish,  
But to lay down this cumb'rous Load of Clay?

*O B.* The Bard imprints new Terrors on my Mind :  
Future Events are oft to him reveal'd.  
Happy! Could we avoid what is foreseen ;  
But Fate must have it's Course, or 'twere not Fate.  
But yet from Præscience this Advantage springs,  
The Mind is arm'd to bear impending Ills.

*Her.* Five Sons I once cou'd boast, and in their Death  
I glory still. For you, for Liberty  
They fell: Nor unreveng'd; surrounding Heaps  
Of slaughter'd Foes proclaim'd how well they fought.  
One Daughter yet remains, my only Comfort ;  
Her pious, tender Care allays my Grievs.  
When I return from War, she binds my Wounds,  
And washes off the streaming Blood with Tears.  
Left from my House some new Disaster springs,  
To obviate those Ills the Bard foresees.  
Take then my only Child, for me an old  
And sapless Trunk, 'tis a mean Sacrifice,  
My *Agnes* take, let her the Victim prove,  
Attone for our Misdeeds, and Heav'n appease.

*O B.* May'st thou hereafter find full Recompence!—  
How fall'n, how groveling is a Monarch's State,  
When he can only with a Wish reward!

*Enter O Connor.*

*O Connor* comes to mourn a Father's Loss,  
To place another Debt to my Account.—

Beware

## 8 HIBERNIA FREED.

Beware ye Kings of this fantastick Globe,  
 Beware how ye engage in impious Wars!  
 Let not Ambition to extend your Sway,  
 No feign'd Pretence of Injuries receiv'd,  
 No rash Resentments urge ye to take Arms:  
 Be these no Motives to destroy Mankind,  
 To give a Loose to Murder, Rapine, Lust.  
 When all this Train of Ills in fierce Array  
 Appears, how shall we stand the dreadful Charge!

*O Con.* Health to the King! May each succeeding  
 Day

Produce new Joys, and add to those I bring.

*O B.* My Ears are unacquainted with that Sound.  
 From one less faithful than *O Connor* is,  
 I shou'd suspect it meant to mock my Griefs.

*O Con.* Banish those Thoughts; Propitious Fate be-  
 gins

To smile. An Officer is now arriv'd,  
 Sent by *O Neil*, the brave *Ultonian* King.  
 His Country lately ravag'd by the *Dane*,  
 Loaded with Burthens under which we groan,  
 Exults with Joy, redeem'd from Servitude.  
 Thrice has that gallant Prince, with Slaughter vast,  
 Forced the insulting Foe to quit the Field;  
 And wise to prosecute the bless'd Success,  
 With equal Fortune storm'd their Forts and Towns,  
 And all *Ultonia* owns her native Lord.

*O B.* Thanks be to Heav'n! Rejoice my Friends, re-  
 joice!

That Part of our dear Country has procur'd  
 Their Liberty, and triumphs o'er the *Dane*.  
 But let no Acclamations shew our Thoughts,  
 Our Joys, howe'er transporting, be conceal'd.  
 Else may the lazy *Dane* awake from Sleep,  
 Start from his Riot, and forsake his Bowl,  
 To satiate his dire Vengeance with our Blood.

*O-Con.* His

*O Con.* His Pride may be controul'd, when most secure.

*O Neil* despising Rest, thirsty of Fame,  
Impatient to review *Sabina's* Charms,  
Swift, as our Hounds pursue the rav'nous Wolf,  
Marches his Army to attack the Foe,  
And dare the proud *Turgesius* to the Field.

*O B.* Thy welcome Tydings have reviv'd my Soul;  
New Hopes arise, new Ardor fills my Mind.

*Enter Agnes.*

*Ag.* The Princess, Sir, this Moment has receiv'd  
Another Message from th' *Ultonian* Prince,  
And wou'd impart it to your Majesty.

*O B.* 'Tis well; 'tis Confirmation of Success.——  
Robb'd of my Realm, stripp'd of my native Right,  
Vanquish'd, oppress'd, surrounded by the Foe,  
Fain wou'd my Mind some Comfort entertain.——

Distant my Hopes, uncertain of my Fate,  
Enclos'd with Dangers, I will tread the Road  
That leads to Empire, Liberty and Fame.

The Traveller thus wandering in the Night,  
Afar descries a Lamp with glimm'ring Light:  
Thither his tedious Journey he directs,  
Nor on the Danger of the Road reflects:  
The Thorns and Pits he flights, with Toil oppress'd,  
And cheers his Labours with the Hopes of Rest.

[*Exeunt O Brien and Herimon.*]

*O Con.* Stay, *Agnes!* stay, Oh may this bless'd Account,  
These pleasing Hopes our Freedom to regain,  
So drown thy Sorrows, so transport thy Soul,  
That thy glad Ears may listen to my Vows,  
And Love find Entrance to complete my Joys.

*Ag.* And hast thou Leisure to reflect on Love?  
Just on the Verge of Death; nay worse, our Lives  
Depending on the Favour of the *Dane*.

C

Oh



Oh throw aside these soft, these ill-tim'd Thoughts!  
 Thy King, thy Country, call on thee for Aid.  
 The brave *O Neil* this Moment will arrive,  
 Leaving his Army to consult the King,  
 How best the *Danish* Force may be attack'd.  
 Talk'st thou of Love in this important Hour?

*O Con.* The brave *O Neil* arrives, compell'd by Love.  
 'Tis Love, Almighty Love points out his Way;  
 Not to consult, but to behold the Princess,  
 To view her Charms, and draw new Vigour thence.  
 He comes to love, to be belov'd; oh Joy!  
 Proceeds that Blessing from his Fame in War?  
 E'er he was skill'd in Arms, his Passion pleas'd.  
 Or is he aided by his noble Blood?

I, without boasting can alledge the same.  
 From the renown'd *Milesius* we descend,  
 From that illustrious Source our Monarch springs.—

Wretch that I am, what talk I of Descent!  
 'Twere well, cou'd we our Ancestry forget  
 In this our abject State.  
 Our Griefs swell higher, when recording Bards  
 Sing to their Harps the mighty Deeds of *Ir*,  
 The hundred Battles by *Milesius* gain'd,  
 And paint *Gadelus* Fame, and shew us sprung from them.

*Ag.* Where are the Guardians of our Holy Faith!  
 Where the Protectors of our once blessed Isle!  
 Have they withdrawn their Care, when we forbore  
 To emulate the Deeds by them perform'd,  
 And wander'd from the virtuous Paths they trod?

*O Con.* Few Days, perhaps, few Hours may pass,  
 E'er Heav'n may smile and bless our brave Attempt.  
 In this short Pause, give Leave to talk of Love;  
 Love will new edge my Sword, new-point my Dart,  
 And rouse that Courage, now by Cares oppress'd.

*Ag.* Oh I have Terror at the Sound of Love!  
*Ervic* the *Dane* presumes to talk of Love,  
 And thinks it Honour from a Victor's Mouth.

Daily

Daily he comes, such is our wretched Fate,  
I must receive the Visits I abhor.

Then talk of Love, this galling Yoak remov'd,  
Then urge thy Passion when the *Dane's* subdu'd.

*O Con.* If the Suecess of War prevails in Love,  
Fortune has left me little room to hope :  
*Erric* the Victor has the best Pretence.

*Ag.* Not so *Hibernian* Maids bestow their Hearts ;  
To Valour, join'd with Virtue, kind we prove,  
Slow to be won, but faithful in our Love.  
Let other Maids an easy Present make,  
And soon confess their Love, and soon forsake,  
But let thy Thoughts to nobler Aims aspire,  
Not only kindle, but increase the Fire.  
Thy faithful Passion by thy Deeds attest,  
He shews most Love, who serves his Country best,  
[*Exeunt.*





## A C T. II.

Enter *Agnes* and *Erric*.

*Er.* **W**HY *Agnes* dost thou fly my proffer'd Vows?  
 Why to this Plain, expos'd to publick View,  
 Dost thou direct thy hasty Steps? Is it  
 To shew thy Conquest o'er my doting Heart,  
 To shew a *Dane* subdu'd, *Erric* enslav'd,  
 And by a stubborn Captive held in Chains?

• *Ag.* Ill suit such haughty Thoughts with our low  
 [State.]

Thee and thy Love I shun, but not thro' Pride;  
 Weak is that Virtue, whose Support is Pride.  
 If 'tis Disgrace to love a Captive Maid,  
 Leave her for one of more exalted State;  
 Leave her to sigh and mourn her Country's Fall.

*Er.* Why sigh, why mourn? By thy indulgent Stars  
 Thou art elected to subdue my Heart.  
 Thousands have I beheld with heedless Eyes,  
 Till thy kind Fate disclos'd thee to my View,  
 Now I submit to thee; at length be wise,  
 Delay no more, but yield to my Desires;  
 Freedom, and Wealth and Power attend my Love.

*Ag.* Offers like these may win a sordid Mind,  
 And please ambitious Souls; but Love sincere  
 Looks with Disdain on all these Foreign Aids.  
 Not thus our Youth infuse the pleasing Pain,  
 Not thus they seek to warm the coldest Hearts.

*Er.* Fame speaks indeed of their resistless Art,  
 Of their enchanting Pow'r to sooth the Mind,  
 To kindle Love, and blow it to a Flame.

Shew

Shew me this Art : *Erric* shall not disdain  
To be instructed in these Magic Rules.

*Ag.* They love to be o'ercome who shew the Way.

*Er.* Resistance often makes the Treatment worse.

*Ag.* And tame Submission shews an abject Soul.

*Er.* I love and wou'd possess ; need I say more ?

*Ag.* Aided by Virtue, I refuse that Love.

*Er.* Perverse and peevish, phlegmatic and cold,  
Ye fly our Loves, and then miscall it Virtue.

*Ag.* What Man e're thought he fail'd to gratify  
Love or Ambition thro' the want of Merit.

*Er.* Think who it is solicites thee for Love ;  
Think it is *Erric* who vouchsafes to pray.

Who wou'd think *Erric* should descend so low ?

Second in Pow'r to our victorious Chief,

To great *Turgesius*, equal in Renown.

To me he owes his Empire o'er this Land,

The Enterprize projected by this Brain,

And by my Arm the glorious Conquest won.

*Ag.* And dost thou boast to me a Merit hence?  
Are these Inducements to subdue my Heart ?

Forc'd from your native Shoars, from fruitless Lands,  
Toss'd by the Waves, and blown by luckless Winds,  
Hither ye came and humbly sought Relief.

*Hibernia*, ever kind to the Distress'd,

Ever for Hospitality renown'd,

Receiv'd ye famish'd, and reliev'd your Wants;

Gave Towns to build, and fruitful Plains to till.

Soon was our fond Credulity divulg'd,

And Swarms of Out-casts crowded on our Coast.

Our Benefits forgot, your Oaths despis'd,

We sell an easy Prey, betray'd, surpris'd. —

And dost thou plead a Merit from these Crimes?

Shall Treason and Ingratitude prevail?

*Er.* Let

*Er.* Let me enjoy the Sweets of Wealth and Pow'r,  
 Let Slaves and Beggars preach against the Means.  
 I stand possess'd of those, and they are thine.  
 Leave to lament, take Shelter in my Arms,  
 In me thou shalt obtain full Recompence,  
 And with me share the Benefits of Conquest.

*Ag.* Leave thou to persecute a Maid distress'd:  
 With Terror I behold, with Horror hear thy Love.  
 Methinks I see my Kindred bleed afresh,  
 Methinks I see my Country all in Flames,  
 And thou the cruel Cause.——

Sooner let Lambs seek among Wolves a Mate,  
 Than *Agnes* yield to such relentless Foes.——  
 Quit this mild Clime, back to thy frozen Shoars,  
 There seek a Love, there vaunt thy bloody Deeds,  
 And dazzle their dull Eyes with wicked Prey.

*Er.* Who saw me suppliant thus, and heard thy Words,  
 Wou'd judge me Captive, thee the Conqueror.  
 Victor indeed! Thy Charms subdue my Heart,  
 And I can hear thee rail and yet be calm.  
 Yet such Resentment fills thy angry Mind;  
 Thou seem'st for War prepar'd, rather than Love.

*Ag.* Oh were it decent for our feeble Sex  
 To wave the Sword and throw the flying Dart!  
 I have a Soul wou'd urge me to the Field,  
 And on thy Head revenge my Country's Wrongs.

*Er.* Me wou'dst thou single out?

*Ag.* Whom should I single out,  
 But him who glories in the Mischiefs done?

*Er.* And dares a Slave do this?

*Ag.* Traytor, I dare.

*Er.* Traytor to me! 'Tis Conqueror thou mean'st,

*Ag.* By Treachery that Conquest was obtain'd,  
 The basest Vice, and Traytor is thy due.

*Er.* I

*Er.* I thank thy Rage, it has awaken'd mine.  
 My Soul grew tame, unactive by my Love:  
 The subtil Passion wander'd in my Veins,  
 And glided to my Heart and seiz'd it whole.  
 Now Love retreats, and nobler Passions reign;  
 And I can view thy Beauties now, unmov'd.

*Ag.* Let Hatred, Rage and Scorn possess thy Heart;  
 Leave to pursue, and I can bear all these.

*Er.* I leave to love, but leave not to pursue.  
 With Pain I wore the Mask of servile Love,  
 Unbent my Mind, fought thee with humble Pray'r,  
 And proffer'd Wealth and Pow'r, the noblest Baits.  
 Now I appear myself; Thanks to thy Scorn,  
 And thou shalt yield to gratify my Pride.  
 I will possess thee now without Desire;  
 Then throw thee off, abandon'd and despis'd.

*Ag.* Place me, good Heav'n, amid the savage Herd!  
 Throw me forlorn upon some Desert Shoar;  
 Seat me upon the Summit of some Rock,  
 Where the Winds roar, and the vast Ocean rolls!  
 I shall be happy freed from this bad Man.

*Er.* Nor Heav'n nor Earth shall free thee from this  
 Arm.

Here in thy Camp, before thy Monarch's Tent,  
 In View of all, I seize thee as my Prey,  
 And will in Triumph bear thee to my Bed.

*Enter O Connor as he lays hold on her.*

*O Con.* Stay impious *Dane*! behold this vengeful Sword;  
 Quit thy Design, or perish in th' Attempt.

*Er.* And who is he presumes to stop my Way?

*O Con.* Behold and know, then be assur'd I dare.

*Er.* I know thee well; oft from the Field compell'd,  
 By Flight thou hast secur'd inglorious Life.

*O Con.*

*O Con.* That we have been o'ercome, is true; so Fate  
Ordain'd: But from the Field I ne'er retir'd,  
Till daunted *Erric* trembling fled my Sword,  
And safe at Distance loo'd his mungrel Curs  
To hunt the Lion which he durst not face.

*Er.* How vain and useleſs is a Captive's Boast?  
Were I to own thee brave, that would augment  
Our Fame, and prove ſuperior Valour.  
'Tis by our Mercy that thy Life is ſpar'd;  
Your Wives and Daughters are our menial Slaves,  
Thy Country's ravag'd by our pow'rful Arms,  
And when *Turgeſius* frowns, thy Monarch dies.

*O Con.* Oh! It wou'd waſte whole Days, ſhou'd'ſt thou  
recount

All the Indignities we undergo.  
Nor is it needful to increaſe my Wrath;  
Were there no other Cauſe, Death is thy Due,  
For the Wrong offer'd to this virtuous Maid.

*Er.* Thou know'ſt I ſoon cou'd cool this mighty Heat;  
This Arm ſuffices; or were that too weak,  
Behold! and tremble at yon dreadful Camp.  
*Hibernia's* Conqu'rors ſit in Triumph there.  
Safe and at Eaſe they ſport their Hours away,  
Free from the Care and Toil which wait on Crowns.  
But when the tow'ring Eagle's Hunger bids,  
He, at one Stoop, can ſeize the panting Prey.  
Shou'd I command, thy Nation is no more. —  
But I allow the Vanquiſh'd to lament,  
Pardon thy Rage, and give thee Leave to live.

*O Con.* How I ſhou'd ſcorn a Life preserv'd by thee!  
Dungeons and wrankling Chains be firſt my Lot;  
Let burning Pincers piece-meal, tear my Fleſh;  
Let hotteſt Poiſon ſeize on ev'ry Joint,  
Parch up my Veins, and drink up all my Blood.

*Er.* There

*Er.* There needs no Poison to disturb thy Brain,  
This Woman here, I ghes, has done that Work;  
Yet thou can'st Pray and Whine to soften her,  
Methods I scorn. Hear then how I resolve:  
Without the Drudgery of Vows and Pray'r,  
I will possess and rifle all her Charms.  
When I am satiated, and she grown stale,  
Then naked thro' the Camp she shall be led  
The Spectacle of Scorn.

*O Con.* Furies! I can no more! have at thy Heart.

*Ag.* Forbear, forbear; think what it is thou do'st.  
Be not transported to an Act like this;  
For shou'd he perish here and by thy Arm,  
'Twill be term'd Murder, violated Faith:  
What then becomes of us? what of the King?  
Their fierce Resentment will destroy us all.

*Er.* Surrounded by thy Friends, before thy Tent,  
Thou think'st it safe to give thy Rage this Loose.

*O Con.* Lead to thy Camp; lead to *Turgesius* Tent,  
Let thy own Chief be Umpire of the Palm.  
Prepare for equal Fight; guard well thy Life,  
For a more valu'd Blessing than is Life.  
See the fair Prize! behold with fresh Desire,  
And let the Cause lend Vigour to thy Arm.

*Er.* Agreed: There be the Scene.

*O Con.* Away, away:

Lead on; I follow with impatient Steps.

*Ag.* Oh whither would'st thou go! with Passion blind.  
By Love, by Honour, I conjure thee stay.  
Wou'dst thou expose thee to his Rage, and draw  
Inevitable Ruin on us all.

*O Con.* He dares me on, 'tis Cowardise to stay.

*Ag.* 'Tis Madness to proceed: Hear me at least.

*Er.* With Ease I can command his Death; his Death  
Is not enough; my Hatred asks for more, [apart  
Their Monarch and their Nation, all must bleed:  
And then for her — Damnation, how she charms.

D

Ev'a



Ev'n when she yields to him, she conquers me:  
 She shoots new Darts, anew inflames my Blood,  
 And I must turn aside to shape my Thoughts.

She may suffice to gratify Desire,  
 But my Revenge and Hatred shall spread wide.

I will infect *Turgesius* too with Love. —

*O Brien's* Daughter is for Beauty fam'd.

He shall love her. My Art directs his Will ;

With lavish Praises I will fill his Ear,  
 And work his Passion to what Height I please.

The haughty Dame, enrag'd at her Distress,  
 With Indignation will receive his Love.

Rage and Disdain will then possess him whole :

Then I will point his Passion to my Aim,

And gratify at once Revenge and Love.

Since thou art flown for shelter to her Arms [to him

I will not press thee now ; to me the Shrine

Is sacred, tho' my Offerings are disdain'd.

Few Hours shall pass, but we may meet again. [Exit.

*Ag.* Oh ! we have been to blame, we have not weigh'd  
 Our wretched State, subjected to his Pow'r.

I dread his Anger and repeat my own.

*O Con.* Who cou'd be tame and hear him threaten thee ?

My bleeding Country and our captive State  
 Were all forgot, when I beheld thee wrong'd.

And that he is escap'd would be Disgrace,

But *Agnes* interpos'd and stop'd Revenge.

*Ag.* Too well we know, by dear Experience taught,  
 His Falsehood, Cruelty, and Arrogance.

He rules *Turgesius* with obsequious Arts,

Directs his Mind and moulds it to his Will.

What may he dare, what may he not perform ?

*O Con.* For thee I fear, for thee I am alarm'd.

Were but my *Agnes* safe, were she secure

From the Pursuits of this rash impious Man,

I shou'd descend in Peace and welcome Death :

What

What else remains, what have I else to hope?  
 What Hope of Joy, but in thy grateful Smiles?  
 Yet e're my Soul throws off this clog of Flesh,  
 Fain wou'd she taste some Pleasure here below,  
 And part in Peace and joyful take her flight.

*Agnes* alone can give my Soul that Peace,  
 And lull my Sorrows and assuage my Pains.

*Ag.* Sure Love demands a quiet calm Retreat,  
 And flies dismay'd, the horrid Din of War.

*O Con.* Who flies the Battle sure to overcome?  
 Love tears the Lawrel from the Victor's Brow,  
 And plants the fragrant Mirtle; blest Exchange!  
 Love rules Ambition, tramples upon Pride,  
 And makes the sordid Miser quit his Store.  
 Here, every where, he bears despotick Sway;  
 Thy Breast alone, obdurate to my Pray'rs,  
 Disowns his Empire and derides his Pow'r.

*Ag.* Cease to reproach and wound me with Complaints:  
 I have a Heart susceptible of Love,  
 Nor am I blind to such distinguish'd Merit.  
 But Fear has got Possession of my Heart,  
 And with her ghastly Visage drives out Love.

*O Con.* Condemn'd to Death, and to the Slaughter led  
 I still wou'd feast my Soul and banish Fear,  
 On thee wou'd gaze and revel in Delight,  
 Insensible of Pain, unmov'd at Death.

*Enter O'Brien, Sabina, O'Neill.*  
 Behold fresh Proofs of Love's extended Sway.  
 See the *Ultonian* Prince obeys his Pow'r,  
 Forces his Way ev'n thro' the watchful Foe  
 To claim the Recompense of all his Toils.

*O B.* 'Twas nobly fought, 'tis beautifully told.  
 Thy Arms have purchas'd thee immortal Fame;  
 Thy Modesty illustrates thy Exploits.  
 A vain Narration tarnishes the Glory,  
 And turns the noisy Boaster to contempt.  
 Thou speak'st of Conquest in such decent Phrase,

We know not where to place the Lawrel Wreath;  
But that thy Presence leaves no room to doubt. —

Join my *Sabina*, join thy grateful Voice,  
And praise the brave Attempts to set us free. [Way;

*Sab.* Bring Garlands hither; strew with Flow'rs his  
Statues erect, triumphal Arches build,  
Fame stretch thy Wings, thy Trumpet sound aloud,  
Employ thy hundred Tongues in his Renown  
Who frees his Country from a foreign Yoak.

*O N.* And these might gratify ambitious Minds,  
And be a full Reward for nobler Deeds.

Some small superfluous Branches we have lopt,  
The Trunk remains and craves more weighty Blows.

*O B.* Such fair Beginnings give us Ground to hope.  
Who fears, suspects the Justice of his Cause.

Thou hast reviv'd my Soul and brought new Life,  
And I reflect with Scorn on my late Fears.

Fortune not permanent to bless or curse,  
With rapid Force has bore'n us down the Hill,  
Thro' craggy Cliffs and over rugged Vales.

Now she ascends and smooths the Path before us,  
And opens fairer Prospects to our View.

*O N.* Then let us follow in the smiling Hour.  
The Prize you seek is Empire, mine is Love,  
The noblest Prize. What Pow'r, what Force, what Art  
Shall bar my Race, *Sabina* at the Goal?

Thou the Reward, all Dangers I contemn.  
When in *Sabina's* Cause I draw my Sword,  
Conquest is sure, for 'tis the Cause of Heav'n.

*O B.* Our honest Labours, crown'd with blest Success,  
Our Wounds once heal'd, then Love shall be obey'd.

But now 'tis fit thou shoud'st repose a-while,

Then we will meditate to fight the *Dane*,  
And free us from ignoble Servitude. —

And thou great Sire! from whom we boast Descent,  
Implore Success to thy *Milesian* Race!

And thou blest Saint! the Patron of our Isle,

Who

Who first didst plant among us Faith divine,  
 Join in the Pray'r and strengthen his Request.  
 And as enviom'd Insects fled the Land,  
 Forc'd by the Virtue of thy sacred Wand,  
 A greater Blessing may thy Pray'rs obtain,  
 Drive Tyrants hence and break the *Danish* Chain. *Exeunt.*

## A C T III.

*Enter O'Brien and O'Neill.*

*O B.* **S**O soon will they be here! a March so swift  
 Raises my Wonder and deserves my Praise.

*O N.* Swift they obey and bravely execute,  
 When by their King and Country call'd to Arms.  
 The *Dane* lies now secure, his Troops dispers'd,  
 His Guards remiss, in Scorn of our Attempts.  
 'Ere the Account of my Success arrives,  
 We will attack this proud imperious Foe.  
 Behold, on yonder Hills, the spacious Wood,  
 Whose venerable Boughs o'reshade the *Boyn*,  
 By that our March is cover'd and conceal'd.  
 Some chosen Troops will 'ere 'tis Night be there,  
 To Morrow all my Force; nor shall they pause,  
 For 'ere the Sun next Day shall gild these Hills,  
 (If Heav'n permits) this *Danish* Pest shall find  
 Our native Virtue shall again break forth.

*O B.* And we will boldly second the Design.  
 'Tis the last Struggle that our Fate allows.  
 And wou'd to Heav'n th' important Day were come.  
 When we resolve some mighty Enterprize,  
 'Till Execution follows, we are rack'd  
 With Fears and rais'd with Hopes alternately.  
 Thousand

Thousand mishap'd Ideas fill the Brain  
 And Anarchy presides and rules our Reason! —  
 The neighing Steed, the Trumpet's sound, the Clash  
 Of Arms, and all the noble Din of War,  
 Will calm this Hurry and restore our Peace.

*O N.* In other Cares I pass the tedious Day.

*Sabina*, ever present to my Eyes,  
 With Sov'reign Pow'r direct and rules my Thoughts. —  
 Fame seems to Fortune join'd, on the same Wheel  
 She sits ; as various, giddy and as blind ;  
 As that inconstant Goddess smiles or frowns,  
 Vice is renoun'd and Vertue is traduced.  
 Wealth is the Wish of Fools, the Gain of Knaves,  
 Of which the vain Possessors boast ; yet want.  
 Scepters and Crowns at random are bestowed.  
*Sabina* is my Empire, Wealth, and Fame.

Why is my only Blessing then deferr'd ?  
 Why shou'd I wait ? why for to Morrrw long  
 To taste the Joys, which this blest'd Night can give ?

*O B.* 'Tis but a short Delay, then she is yours.

*O N.* Ev'n the next Moment, to a Wretch in Pain,  
 Comes slowly on and moves with heavy Pace.

*Enter Eugenius.*

Give then Consent, give to my Tortures ease,  
 For she is all obedient to your Will,  
 Oh make her mine ! oh bless me with her Charms !  
 See my propitious Stars *Eugenius* send,  
 To aid my Pray'r and tie the happy Knot.

*Eu.* Is this a time to talk of Marriage Rites ?  
 Turn there your Eyes, behold the *Danish* Troops ;  
 A Squadron this way moves, and at their Head  
*Turgesius* rides, already within *Ken*.

He never comes but to augment our Cares,  
 To lay new Burthens on the harra's'd Land,  
 Or to insult us with ungen'rous Taunts.

The

*O B.* I have but just perceived a Dawn of Joy,  
When Mists arise and Clouds obscure my View.  
The tender Blade but just sprang forth to Day,  
When Blites and Mildews curst the promis'd Fruit.

*Eu.* Be sure his Coming boads us ill; howe'er  
Till Fate ordains, bear we yet farther Wrongs:  
Be pleas'd to wait his Message in your Tent;  
And you brave Prince conceal your being here:  
Your Presence may alarm the Foe; perhaps  
Prevent the great Design you meditate.

*O N.* Shall I give way? shall I retire and hide,  
And fly the Place where Danger may appear?  
So tarnish all the Glories I have won.

No: let it ne'er be say'd *O Neill* withdrew:  
Cou'd he shoot Poison from his baleful Eyes,  
Or cou'd he spread Infection with his Breath,  
Urg'd by my Country's Wrongs, in Vertue safe,  
His Terrors I wou'd brave and dare his Rage.

*Eu.* And will our Liberty be thus restor'd?  
And will *Sabina* thus obtain a Crown?

*O N.* Oh powerful Name! resistless is the Charm!  
Disgrace is Glory for *Sabina's* Sake.

She Fame confers, the Lawrel she bestows.

For her I fight, for her I fly the Field.

Lead to *Sabina*, lead as Love directs.

Low at her Feet I'll sigh my Hours away,

And wait her Summons to renew the War. —

Thus *Thetis'* Son forsook the sanguine Plain,

And War and Glory courted him in vain.

At *Deidamia's* Feet supine he lay,

Resign'd himself to Love's more gentle Sway:

'Till call'd by Fate, the Heroe flew to Arms,

And Glory pleas'd, and War again had Charms. *Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter Turgesius and Erric.*

*Tur.* Let it be told, that I am come, and say  
It is my Will to be attended here.  
*Sabina* is she call'd ?

*[To an Officer as he enters.]*

*Er. Sabina,* Daughter to their King.

*Tur.* And so excelling Fair ?

*Er.* Not to be told, and with Amazement seen.  
Not such a livid Whiteness in the Skin  
As our unwieldly, lifeless Women have ;  
But fair and clear like Lawn o'er Crimson spread,  
While her smooth Lips and Cheeks uncover'd seem ;  
There glows the blushing Rose, there Health resides,  
Urging the rash Beholder to desire,  
'Till by the Lustre of her Eyes o'eraw'd,  
Downwards he looks, nor dares aspire to wish.

*Tur.* Methinks, thou art too wanton in her Praise.  
Thou speak'st in am'orous Rapture of her Charms,  
And thy unguarded Tongue betrays thy Love.

*Er.* 'Twere Insolence to raise my Thoughts so high.  
The Daughter of a King, tho' fall'n beneath  
Your conqu'ring Sword, suits not my private State.

*Tur.* 'Tis false ; rais'd to Command, trusted by me,  
Thou hast superiour Rank to petty Kings ;  
That Claim entitles thee to force her Love,  
And dignifies her boasted Blood.

*Er.* To you  
I owe my All ; the Creature of your Pow'r.  
But feeble Charms have warm'd my humble Heart.  
I covet one less fair, of less Degree,  
Yet of high Birth, yet lovely in my View.

*Tur.* She also shall be mine ; I will have both.  
When my Desires shall droop, when cloy'd with them,  
Or when new Beauties give new Appetite  
I'll cast them off to thee ; to other Slaves.

*Er.*

*Er.* When you command; with Pleasure I obey;  
Pursue or quit my Love as you direct. [Waves?

*Tur.* Why have I brav'd the Rage of Winds and  
Why have I been expos'd to scorching Rays,  
Or bor'en the Damps and Cold of Winter Camps?  
Why have I fought, to what has Conquest serv'd,  
But for unlimited despotic Pow'r?

And what is Pow'r, but to indulge the Will?  
To love, to have, to leave, and love anew.

He that controuls his Passion is the Slave;  
Slave to the Pow'r which he himself creates.

That Man is free, who gratifies Desire,  
And whatsoe'er he wills, uncheck'd, performs.——

But wherefore wait I here thus long? Such Stay  
Will fatal prove; I shall grow angry soon,  
And with Contempt behold her boasted Charms.  
Then she shall sue in vain, and pine and rage  
To see me bless some other with my Love.

*Enter O'Brien and Sabina.*

[Heart?  
*Er.* See, where the Wonder comes to charm your  
She comes! and brighter Light adorns the Day.  
Lillies and Roses on her Face are spread,  
To glad the Eye, and to perfume the Air.

*Tur.* Away, and let me gaze——till I am blind;  
And sure I shall be soon depriv'd of Sight,

[Fixing his Eyes on Sabina.  
She pains my Eyes; my Eyes, my Brain, my Heart.  
Why beats my Brain? why flutters thus my Heart?  
Whence is this sudden Chance, this Tumult whence?

*O'Brien.* 'Twas your Command I shou'd attend you here;  
So the rough Messenger declar'd your Will.  
See, I obey: He that was once a King,  
And Lord supreme of all this goodly Isle,  
Obeys, without a Murmur, against Fate;  
And bless'd be Heav'n, for so resign'd a Will.

E

*Tur.*



*Tur.* Oft have I heard of Heav'n, of Forms divine,  
Of Beauty too resplendent for the Light.—  
Sure I behold that Heav'n, that Form divine.

*O B.* Not but I feel, nor am I senseless grown  
By adverse Fate and a long Chain of Woes :  
It were no Virtue else to bear those Woes ;  
I feel, I see to what I am reduc'd ;  
To pay Obedience to the Victor's Will,  
And stand neglected like a common Slave. [came ;

*Tur.* If there be Heav'n, then sure from Heav'n she  
If Angels be, such is their Shape and Air ;  
With such a Grace and Majesty they move ;  
Such is their Hue, such Splendor cast their Eyes.

*OB.* How vain is the Prerogative of Birth :  
How useless to be sprung of Royal Blood ;  
To have Pretence to or deserve a Crown :  
Depriv'd of Power to punish or reward !  
How soon that Pow'r is lost too well I know.  
Learn hence, my Daughter, to condemn the Praise,  
The Worship of self-interested Man.

*Tur.* Thy Daughter ! Where : Tis that fair Creature  
she ? [to O B.

*O B.* Hapless *Sabina* ! Partner of my Woes !  
She too attends, submissive to her Fate.

*Tur.* Then she is Mortal, and my Fears were vain.  
My haughty Heart began to dread her Pow'r, [Apart,  
And Superstition to invade my Mind.

Away-with those pale Thoughts, Chimera's all.  
My native Resolution is restor'd,  
And drives those pannaic Terrors from my Brain,  
And turns my Adoration to Desire.—

Haste then to gratify that fierce Desire,  
To prove thee happier than the fancy'd *Theor.*  
*Turgesius* haste to seize thy destin'd Prey,  
Thy Passions feast and revel in her Arms.

Excited by the Praises Fame has spread  
Of perfect Beauty, and attractive Grace, [Bowing to  
Sabina.

OF

Of Excellence beyond a humane Frame,  
 Hither I came to view the Prodigy.  
 Nor think it small, that I a while suspend  
 The Care of Empire and the Love of Arms.

*Sab.* Small Thanks are due by me to babling Fame;  
 She, envious, spread the Praises of our Isle,  
 And urg'd from Lands remote the hostile Ghest.  
 Hence flow our Tears, from hence our Ruine springs,  
 And hence *Sabina* is become a Slave.

*Tur.* Her Eyes disarm'd me e're I heard her speak:  
 I dread her Looks and tremble at her Voice. [*Apart.*]  
 And yet what Sweetness in those Eyes, that Voice,  
 And those betray a mild and gentle Mind.  
 Take Courage then, my Heart, and own thy Flame,  
 And be my Love resistless as my Arms.

And what like War exalts aspiring Man? [*to her.*]  
 And what like Conquest gives a Right to Empire?  
 He, who possesses greatest Fortitude,  
 Should rule the World and trample on Mankind.  
 The Lyon hence subjects the savage Herd,  
 The Eagle hence insults the feather'd Kind.

*Sab.* How well such Precepts suit a Prince's Mouth  
 Which instigate his Subjects to rebel!  
 Ye lab'ring Hinds! who sweat and drudge for Life,  
 Away with all your Implements of Toil,  
 Be bold, and dare, and bravely seize a Crown!  
 Listen ye Sons of Men! your Pow'r resign;  
 No more presume to hold the World in Awe:  
 Obey the Lyon, to the Tiger yield,  
 And give to them the Ensigns of Command.  
 Humanity and Temperance are scorn'd,  
 Justice and Virtue are of no Regard.

*Tur.* When such an Advocate for Justice pleads,  
 Who can dispute, who dares resist her Pow'r?  
 Inur'd to Arms, in War I plac'd my Joys,  
 Constant Success have made these Joys compleat.  
 Renown and Empire this good Sword has won,

'Till now the only Objects of my Wish.  
 Now other Passions agitate my Mind,  
 Inflamm'd my Blood, and swell and tear my Breast,  
 And I grow sick and giddy with their Force. —  
 Why to those Passions give I not a Loose? [apart  
 Why do I stop? why shew I not the Cause?  
 To speak were safe; and so the Will directs:  
 My Heart and Tongue rebel against that Will.  
 Ah abject, coward Heart! Oh traitor Tongue!  
 Whence are ye aw'd? whence springs this dastard Fear?  
 Have I in War and Danger pass'd my Life?  
 Triumph'd in War and Dangers overcome?  
 Have I brav'd Death in thousand dreadful Forms,  
 And seen unmov'd Destruction spread around?  
 And am I grown a Récreeant in Peace?  
 So blast the Lawrels with such Toil obtain'd  
 Shall I the Victor to the Captive yield?  
 Away such mean, such poor submissive Thoughts!  
 In Cottages reside, in Prisons dwell;  
 Approach not basely here; here I command.  
 Rouse then my Heart, assume thy wonted Pride  
 And tell her, she is honour'd by thy Love. —  
 I do but look, and all my Fears return:  
 Fame, Empire, Conquest, are again resign'd —  
 I must not, will not thus support the Yoke. —  
 Tortures and Plagues! why am I thus un-man'd?  
 I scorn my self, am therefore scorn'd by her.  
*O B.* You seem disturb'd: Whence may the Cause arise?  
*Tur.* Behold, behold the Cause! see there she stands!  
 View, if thou can'st, those Eyes! survey that Form!  
 See all the Graces play about her Face!  
 Circle her Shape, and hover on her Breast!  
 See here a Man, who owns the Pow'r of Love,  
 Then tell thy self the Cause why thus I rave: —  
 'Tis done. — [apart.  
 The disobedient Word at length finds way,  
 And now shall ever dwell upon my Tongue.

Passion

Passion subsides, and my swell'd Heart grows calm,  
 And Ease, and Peace, and Joy, attend on Love. —  
 Yes, Fairest ! yes : You have inflam'd my Blood, [*to her*]  
 You rais'd this Storm, you can compose my Mind.

*Sab.* If from my Presence this Disorder springs,  
 Your Peace by absence will be best restor'd.

*Tur.* Oh 'tis too late ! thy Image in my Breast  
 Ever infix'd, will there triumphant reign.  
 Oh stay ! and see the Wonders of thy Eyes !  
 See me subdu'd ! see me a Suppliant grown !  
 The Trumpet's Sound no more enlivens now ;  
 The Fife and Drum no more can warm my Blood,  
 And glitt'ring Arms are horrid to my View.  
 Trophies, Applause, and Lawrels I resign,  
 And yield me Captive to the Victor Love.  
 Be Love the Recompence of all my Toil :  
 Be Love my only Care, my only Joy. —  
 Confusion ! see, if she vouchsafes to hear,  
 Regardless of my Words, unmindful of my Pow'r.

*O B.* Beware, nor irritate his Mind too far.

[*To Sabina aside.*]

*Sab.* We own your Pow'r, we feel the dire Effects.  
 Look round and see what Desolation reigns.  
 My King, my Fathe robb'd of native Right.  
 Empire is lost and Liberty is fled.  
 Murder and Rapine waste our peaceful Land :  
 And can I bear unmov'd my Country's Wrongs ?  
 And thus afflicted can I hear of Love ?

*Tur.* An Empire won, the Sov'reign Pow'r obtain'd,  
 Whoe'er repented of the guilty Means ?  
 Success gives Right and sanctifies the Cause.

*Sab.* Arms may subdue, and may erect an Empire :  
 Nor Arms nor Empire can subdue the Heart.  
 Extend thy Conquests and enslave the World,  
 Place there thy Hopes and scorn the Toys of Love.

*Tur.* Perish that World, e'er I resign my Love !  
 Born of your Looks, and nurtur'd ev'n by Scorn,

And

And in one Instant grown the Lord supreme.  
 Take then my Lawrels of my Crown dispose,  
 Revenge thy Country but reward my Love.

*Er.* To what Extreame by Passion is he driv'n! [*aside*  
 This tame Submission frustrates my Intent.  
 By other Methods he must seek her Heart.  
 Permit me, Sir, to beg you wou'd retire, [*To Turgesius*  
 I have Affairs of Moment to impart.

*Tur.* And is there ought of Moment but my Love?

*Er.* 'Tis to obtain that Love a surer Way.

*Tur.* So summon'd I assent: those flatt'ring Hopes  
 Urge me to follow thee with eager Haste.  
 Rack'd by the Passions which thy Eyes inspire,  
 In search of Peace some Moments I retire. [*To Sabina*  
 Absent, thy Image will engross my Mind,  
 And Fancy then may represent thee kind.  
 Oh may I find thee such at my return,  
 Impatient for the Joys, for which I burn.  
 Let me possess but her whom I adore,  
 Lightning shall vainly dart, the Thunder vainly roar.

[*Exit Turgesius and Errie.*

*O B.* The Loss of Empire and the Loss of Pow'r  
 We may support, while Reason is our guide,  
 Better be subject to the *Danes*, than as  
 This *Dane*, to ev'ry Passion be a Slave.  
 Reason directs us to the Choice of Good,  
 And while obey'd, the Mind enjoys sweet Peace  
 In lowest state, conscious of no Reproach.  
 But Passion, with Confusion fills the Brain,  
 Impetuous hurries us to lawless Acts,  
 And gratify'd one Moment, gives us up,  
 Abandon'd to eternal black Remorse.

*Sab.* Not yet ye Angels! are our Woes compleat:  
 Not yet are we enough oppress'd by War!  
 But my hard Fate will yet encrease the Weight,  
 And add new Troubles by an impious Love,

*Enter*

*Enter O Neill.*

*O N.* What Musick in that Voice ! how sweet the  
Born to command, still may thy Empire spread ! [Sound!  
May ev'ry Heart obey thy heav'nly Eyes !  
And Love for ever dwell upon thy Tongue !

*Sab.* Oh fatal Wish to thy Repose and mine !  
Happy ! had I in Cottages been bred,  
Injur'd to Toil, to tend the woolly Flock !  
How happy shou'd I be, were I beheld  
With such Indifference as I view my self !  
I shou'd not thus bewail the Loss of Pow'r ;  
Nor be the Object of a Tyrant's Flame ;  
But indolent consume the peaceful Day  
In lowly Pastimes and in harmless Love.

*O B.* My lowly State, the Conquest of our Realm  
Are not enough to satisfy the *Dane*.  
Now he invades our Thoughts, and to reward  
The Ravage of his Arms, demands her Love.

*O N.* Her Love ! oh Heaven ! oh my afflicted Soul !  
Is then the Savage capable of Love ?  
Can that soft Passion dwell in his rough Mind ?  
Ah me ! who can behold and not desire ?  
Ah me ! if so, what may my Fears suggest ?

*Sa.* Beware of Thoughts uneasy to thy self,  
Beware of Thoughts injurious to my Fame ;  
That Jewel still remains to sooth my Mind ;  
That Jewel is more precious than a Throne,  
And far out-shines the Lustre of a Crown.  
No, let me still in Bondage wear out Life ;  
Let wayward Chance dispose of sov'reign Power,  
Tyrants erect and lawful Kings depose !  
But my clear Fame, may that unsullied last !  
May that this transitory Breath survive,  
Perfume my Ashes and adorn my Grave !

*O N.*

O N. Far, far from me be each offensive Thought!  
 The solid Rock unmov'd the Torrent bears,  
 The Surges dash and Tempests rainly roar;  
 More firm, more permanent thy Vertue stands.  
 But his frail Mind is rul'd by his Desires,  
 As the light Bark is toss'd by ev'ry Wave,  
 And driv'n on Shelves with ev'ry Gust of Wind.  
 To what Extremities may he proceed,  
 Unaw'd by Heav'n, and uncontroul'd by Man.

O B. Yet he must stoop to Fame; nor is he made  
 Of better Stuff, than the vile crawling Worm.  
 And yet this frail, this earthy mould'ring Mass  
 Of Clay, fancies it self Omnipotent,  
 Or not enough enliven'd, dreads too much.  
 Man's Spirit still at Work, active in Sleep,  
 Projects some mighty Good, or fears some Ill.  
 False are our Hopes and groundless are our Fears.  
 Faith, Justice, Laws, Obedience, Gratitude,  
 Are Cob-Web Bonds when Empire is in View:  
 Man breaks thro' all, and when the Toy is gain'd,  
 Care mounts the Throne, and there Suspicion broods;  
 Keeps even Pace with him as he ascends,  
 And haunts his Mind and mocks his Dignity;  
 And by the Ills which he himself has wrought,  
 Others are taught to overturn the State.  
 And as our Hopes deceive us, so we find  
 The Disappointment of some great Design  
 Has prov'd the Means to reach to what we aim'd.  
 And thus the Captive, doom'd by lawless Pow'r  
 To Bonds, to Exile or to shameful Death,  
 Regains his Freedom when he most despair'd.  
 Submit we then, and thus securely rest,  
 What heav'nly Pow'r decrees, is ever best.

[Exeunt.

ACT



## A C T IV.

*Enter Turgesius and Erric.*

*Tur.* **T**HOU hast advis'd me well.

*Er.* It cannot fail.

'Tis true, that Flattery is an useful Art,  
 The common Engine to insnare the Sex.  
 Their Love of Praise is by the Nurse imprest,  
 Shrivell'd with Age they listen to that Sound;  
 The Peasant's Brat will nibble at the Bait,  
 And the Great Lady thinks it is her due.  
 But the unpractis'd Lover often errs,  
 With lavish Praises he extolls their Charms;  
 Submits too far, and swells their vanity;  
 They then despise him for the Charms he gave;  
 And with Disdain behold him at their Feet,  
 The Idol scorning the Artificer.  
 The skillful Lover then new Arts employs  
 And varies his Address,  
 Seems negligent, and in his Turn grows vain;  
 Assumes more haughty Airs, abates his Praise,  
 And rules what he before had deify'd.  
 The prouder stooping to a Man more proud.

*Tur.* Shou'd she refuse to gratify my Love,  
 I can Command and Force her to comply.

*Er.* 'Tis what they all expect, they all desire.  
 Resistance is Pretence to Chastity.  
 A Word they are instructed to revere.  
 And in their Legends they relate, some few,

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in



In former Days, have rated it so high,  
 Nor Liberty, nor Life they held so dear,  
 Such Obstinacy then prevail'd. But these  
 Are Tables held in this enlightn'd Age.  
 The Word remains, the Thing is long since fled.  
 Affected still to quicken our Pursuit:  
 They seem to fly us, when they most desire,  
 And ne're deny, but to engage us more.

*Tur.* Orders are sent, that she shou'd meet me  
 here.

I will no more Address in humble Stile,  
 But be the Conqueror and assert my Pow'r.  
 Thou might'st perceive, when I appear'd dismay'd,  
 Struck with th' unusual Splendor of her Eyes,  
 With how much Scorn her Conquest she survey'd,  
 As lawful Tribute to her haughty Charms:  
 She strait assum'd a more Majestick Air,  
 And her Eyes darted on me fiercer Rays.

*Er.* I mark'd it well; astonish'd at her Pride.

*Tur.* And when I bow'd and check'd my daring  
 Mind,

With Awe approach'd her and with Rev'rence spoke;  
 My innate Pride and Majesty forgot,  
 She turn'd aside, nor deign'd to cast a Look.  
 On me, her Father's Conqueror and King.

*Er.* The common Praëise of her thoughtless Kind.

*Tur.* What! to reject the Man who can compell,  
 To slight the Offering with Devotion paid.

*Er.* All, all are vain, and she more vain than all.

*Tur.* She merits not my Heart.

*Er.* Not worth your serious Thought.

*Tur.* A Meteor glaring in the Sky.

*Er.* Enough to lead the common Herd astray,  
 While you, sedate, deride their idle Fears.

*Tur.* Fayer 'tis true, than Fancy can describe.

*Er.* Oh she has Beauty to subdue Mankind,  
 To awe the Hero and inflame the sold.

*Tur.*

*Tur.* Me she has aw'd; she took me unprepar'd,  
To Darkneſs long inur'd, my ſight was weak;  
Nor cou'd ſuſtain the Luſtre of the Sun.  
But what ſurpris'd and pain'd me at the firſt:  
I ſee unmov'd, familiar to my Eyes.

*Enter Sabina.*

*Er.* See, ſhe appears, be mindful of your Pow'r.

*Tur.* See, ſhe appears, and Charms as heretofore;  
She comes, and I grow aguiſh again.

*Sa.* Hither I come, ſent by my Royal Father,  
He knows the State to which he is reduc'd,  
And pays Compliance to the victor's Laws;  
While I Obey my Father and my King.

*Tur.* He knows, it ſeems, to ſtop to my Com-  
mands;

'Twere well, were others taught by him to yield.

*Sa.* The Chance of War has rob'd him of his Crown,  
And Fortune puts the Scepter in your Hands.

*Tur.* I know no Chance, no Fortune I allow,  
'Tis my ſuperior Merit gave Succeſs.

But be it Merit, Chance or Fortune's Gift,  
The lawful Right of Conqueſt I diſclaim;  
To thee I bend, to thee that Right reſign,  
Thy Pow'r obey, and humbly ſue for Love.

*Sa.* Thy wild Ambition and thy fatal Arms  
Have tor'en the Crown from my good Father's Head,  
Enſlav'd his People, laid his Country waſte.  
Strange Methods to obtain the Daughter's Heart!

*Tur.* Thoſe Deeds you blame were previous to my  
Love,

And Love ſhall make Attonement for thoſe Deeds.  
Reign in thy Father's ſtead, receive his Crown,  
And be thy ſelf the Miſtreſs of this Iſle.

*Sa.* What! ſnatch the Crown from him who gave  
me Life,

F 2

Deprive

# 36 HIBERNIA FREED,

Deprive my Brother of his native Right,  
And gall my Country with Tyrannick Pow'r!  
Shall I do this, shall I incur such Guilt?  
So to Posterity transmit my shame,  
And so disgrace the Lineage whence I spring.

*Tur.* Possession of a Crown defaces Guilt;  
Be wise, and taste the Joys of Sovereign Pow'r.

*Sa.* Oh may that Crown sit heavy on my Head!  
Oh may the guilty Load crush me to Earth  
And rob my Days of Peace, my Nights of Rest!  
When I submit to reign on guilty Terms.

*Tur.* Say, I shou'd place thy Father on his Throne,  
Set free his People, give his Country Peace,  
Renounce my Conquest and the Right of Arms?

*Sa.* With grateful Songs we wou'd extol thy Name,  
And all our Harps shou'd celebrate thy Praise.

*Er.* Again with Passion blind, he meanly sues,  
And says he knows not what. [*Aside.*  
If Sir —

*Tur.* Begon,  
I have not leisure now to hear thy Talk,  
Nor listen to thy sawcy wise Advise —  
Wou'd this prevail and melt thy flinty Heart, [*to Sa.*  
Wou'dst thou on these, on any Termes be mine.

*Sa.* Be thine!

*Tur.* Ay.  
Wou'dst thou be mine? To me yield up thy Charms,  
And be the Recompense for Empire lost?

*Sa.* Be thine! not to be Mistress of the World.

*Tur.* How! am I then so odious to your Sight,  
To slight an Empire if conferr'd by me?

*Sa.* Forbid it virtue and true Piety!  
Forbid it all ye Martyrs for our Faith!  
Forbid it all ye Holy Saints above,  
That I shou'd take a Pagan to my Arms,  
Or yield me to an Infidel's Desire!

*Tur.* These are the Notions of an abject Mind,  
Taught

Taught by the Nurse, by wily Priests improv'd,  
To fill the Mind with superstitious Awe,  
And make free Man subservient to their Pride.

*Sa.* Who Heav'n disowns may well deride their  
(Priests,

Their Character, debas'd and vilified,  
Prepares the Way for gross Impiety.  
Blest be those Priests who so instructed me !  
Who taught me early to revere high Heav'n,  
And shew'd my Infancy the Paths of Truth.

*Tur.* 'Tis then to them I owe this vain Neglect,  
And they shall feel the Weight of my Resentments ;  
Dungeons and Gibbets shall reward their Zeal.  
But Thou — whose Arrogance disdains a Crown,  
Whose Superstition has rejected me —

*Sa.* I heard thy Love, I hear thy Threats unmov'd ;

*Tur.* Thou hast not long to triumph in thy Scorn.

*Sa.* Oh welcome Death, the Cure of all our Woes !

*Tur.* Egregious Folly to condemn thy Life,  
Or fly the Joys of Life, misled by Faith.

*Sa.* Oh blessed Faith, from whence true Wisdom  
(springs !

For fortify'd by Thee, we gladly bear  
All the Calamities of this frail Life,  
And welcome Death, the Entrance to true Joys.

*Tur.* Death is thy Due ; but that will not suffice.

*Sa.* Then stretch thy Malice to invent new Pains,  
Be subtil, and improve the Torturer's Art.

Heav'n will support and aid me on the Rack,  
And turn thy Engines to a Bed of Down.

*Tur.* Fain wou'd I win thee by more gentle Means ;  
Oh cou'd I move thy Heart t' accept of mine,  
To swell with Passion and inflame thy Blood,  
Make thee impatient for the Joys of Love,  
With equal Ardor dart into my Arms,  
There sigh, there pant, rapt with extatic Bliss !

*Sa.* I need not answer what I shou'd not hear.

*Tur.*

*Tur.* Confusion! how she trifles with my Love.—  
Submission, Duty, Awe, Respect, be gone,  
I drive ye hence, no more infect my Heart,  
Nor cross my stern Resolves. Hear then my Will.  
My Pray'rs deny'd; I will possess by Force,  
By Force thou shalt be brought a Victim to my Bed.

*Sa.* Shield me good Heav'n! Guard me ye sacred  
Pow'rs!

*Tur.* There will I triumph o'er thy stubborn Heart,  
And smile to see thy Tears and hear thy Groans.

*Sa.* Ah me most wretched! horrid, horrid Thought!

*Tur.* In vain thou shalt implore what now thou  
fleest,

But curse thy Folly, and detest thy Pride.

*Sa.* Too long the Mask of humble Love was worn,  
And the Disguise sat awkward on thy Tongue.  
Now thou betray'st the Rancor of thy Soul,  
The Tyrant and the Fiend are all display'd.

*Tur.* It is thy Sex's Privilege to rail.  
Thou dost but add Increase to my Desires,  
It is Possession must abate my Flame.  
Give then thy Anger scope; I fear no Censure,  
Or if I did, that will excuse the Deed.

*Sa.* Ah no! ah! I re-call my hasty Words,  
And chide the rash Intemperance of my Tongue.  
Thee good, thee wise, thee virtuous I allow,  
Thy Pow'r revere, thy Right of Empire own,  
Extol thy Justice, and thy Mercy praise.

*Er.* See, she relents, see how your Threats prevail.

(to *Tur.*)

*Tur.* Thanks to that Pow'r that can extort this  
Praise

(to *Sabina*)

*Sa.* See at your Feet the Daughter of a King,  
Behold the Daughter of *O'Brien* kneels!

The Great *O'Brien* once! ah me that once!

Oh do not swell the Sorrows of my Heart,

Already vast, too great for Utterance!

*Tur.*

*Tur.* In vain thou dost implore, my Will is fix'd.

*Sa.* Turn not away, obdurate to my Pray'rs!

Oh be not deaf when the Afflicted sue!

Oh let thy Virtue master thy Desires!

Give way to Pity, let thy Mercy rule,

Mercy, the brightest Ornament of Crowns!

*Tur.* Rise from the Earth, I wou'd not see thee kneel.

*Sa.* Oh! never, never will I move from hence.

Fix'd at thy Feet for ever I will pray,

Here weep for ever, here for ever sigh.

*Tur.* I cannot bear her Sighs, nor can relent.

*Sa.* Behold me prostrate, crawling on the Earth,

Oh turn, and kindly tread me into Dust!

Condemn'd to loathsom Dungeons let me lie,

The miserable Captive of your Wrath;

There let me linger out an hated Life,

Feeding on Worms, and shortly Food for them.

*Tur.* And does thy Heart prompt thee to bear such Woes?

And does that Heart refuse the Joys of Love?

Am I more scorn'd than Worms or Dungeons are?

Thy Tears had almost melted my Resolves,

But thy disdainful Choice confirms me more.

*Sa.* Alas! I am distracted with my Fears,

Who can be wise and so oppress'd with Grief?

Oh be indulgent to my clam'rous Grief,

Oh spare my Virtue, blast not my good Name!

*Tur.* Again thou dost incense me with those Words,

Must I disclaim my Love to feed thy Pride?

Shall I be slighted for that Bubble Fame?

And thro' the Insolence of Virtue starv'd?

No, my Ambition leads to real Joys,

Such I demand, such will I force from thee.

*Sa.* Oh yet be good, oh yet re-call thy Threats!

*Tur.* Never will I desist.

*Sa.* What, never!

*Tur.*

*Tur.* Never.

*Sa.* Is't possible ! Will nothing move thee then ?

*Tur.* Nothing ; I am determin'd to possess.

*Sa.* Then I disclaim my late Humility, (*Rising*)  
Dry up my Tears, and fly to Heav'n for Aid.

*Tur.* Be so procced as thy Nation was.

*Sa.* Vain, impious Man ! And dost thou thus repay  
The Benefits afforded thee by Heav'n ?

Now I despise thy Rage, laugh at thy Pow'r ;

A Woman feeble and unarm'd, with Ease

The Wretch can vanquish braving thus great Heav'n.

*Tur.* Fly to that Refuge, at thy Altars kneel :

Urg'd by my Flame I'll drag thee from the Priests,

And they shall pray, and thou shalt curse in vain.

*Sa.* Thither for Refuge shall *Sabina* fly,

Or virtuous live, or for her Virtue die.

Thou shalt, abhorr'd by Heav'n and Men, remain,

Detested die, and Death begin thy Pain. (*Exit.*)

*Tur.* Amaz'd I see, and terrify'd I hear,

And had she longer stay'd, she had prevail'd.

With Joy and Wonder I beheld her first,

And thought her Heav'n, but now I find her Hell.

*Er.* You'll find her mortal, folded in your Arms.

*Tur.* 'Tis thou hast rais'd this Tempest in my  
Breast.

From thee this Love, from thee these Tortures  
spring.

Slave ! give me back my Heart, restore my Peace.

How hast thou dar'd to kindle such a Flame,

Destructive to thy self, to her, to me ?

*Er.* She flies to be pursu'd ; the Sex's wile ;

Resolve to execute what I propos'd.

*Tur.* If 'tis a Crime to force this haughty Maid,

Her Captive Father shall partake that Crime,

He shall compel her to obey my Love,

And send her well attended to my Bed.

Her Eyes inflam'd my Heart, but their resistless Rays

Subdu'd

Subdu'd my Mind, diverted my Resolves:

*Enter O Brien.*

My Courage by her Absence is restor'd,  
And now the Lover shall be gratify'd,  
The King obey'd.

Thou shalt obey; I will display my Pow'r,  
[ to O Brien ]

And exercise the Right; which Conquest gives.

O B. And who disputes that Right? my Empire's  
lost,

My Fate has so ordain'd, and I submit.

*Tur.* In other Thoughts thy Daughter has been  
train'd,

In other Language she requites my Love.

O B. She too acknowledges her captive State,  
And will obey what Virtue will permit.

*Tur.* Virtue again! art thou infected too?  
And must that Phantom still oppose my Joys.  
Hast thou imbib'd such slavish Notions too?  
Not yet rejected the Device of Priests?

O B. When Fortune smil'd, and left no room to  
wish,

This Land then blest, and I the Sovereign Lord,  
Virtue and Honour had still in view,  
And so instructed her.

Now of my Crown, of Empire dispossest'd,  
In virtue still I find a blest support,  
And borrow Strength from thence to bear my Grievs.

*Tur.* Then give attention to this firm Decree.  
Hear how that Virtue shall be recompens'd.  
Choose fifteen Maids, select with nicest Care,  
Fam'd for their Beauty and of noblest Blood,  
Conduct them to my Camp: my favo'rite Friends,  
My Partners in the Toyls of War, shall share  
With me the Joys of Love.

G

O B.



# 42 H I B E R N I A F R E E D.

*O B.* How! what say'st thou?

*Tur.* Let them be sent this Night.

My eager Love admits no more delay.

*O B.* Its possible? sure I mistake your Words.

*Tur.* Thy Daughter, my *Sabina* must be one.

*O B.* My Daughter!

*Tur.* Thy Daughter too; she shall ascend my Bed.

*O B.* You can not purpose so abhorr'd a deed.

*Tur.* Fix't, as thou fanciest the Decrees of Fate.

*O B.* What send my Child! must I, must I do this?

*Tur.* Send her this Night: or, by to morrow's  
Dawn,

Prepare to see a Scene of general Ruine:

By Empire, Fame, by all I hope in Love,

Men, Women, Children shall to morrow die.

First we will satiate our Desires, and then

They die; in Torments exquisite shall die.

Nothing that breaths the Air throughout the Land

Shall live; I will not leave a Dog to howl.

*O B.* Monstrous, monstrous!

*Tur.* I will not bear Reply.

My Passions are alarm'd

And combat in my Mind,

Which shall be first obey'd.——

Send them without Delay;——

Fly to thy Altars, there implore for Aid,

While I enjoy my Heav'n, the lovely Maid.

[*Exeunt Turgesius and Errice*]

*O B.* Alas! alas! When will my sorrows end!

Ah wretched Man! grown old in Misery!

Oh horrid State! oh execrable Life!

Oh my weak Heart, how sensible of woes!

Oh stubborn Heart, that breakest not with much woes!

Break, break my Heart; burst, burst ye swelling  
Veins!

What give my Daughter, my *Sabina* give

To

To gratify a Tyrant's loose Desire!

Or give my People to be Sacrific'd!

Oh dismal Choice! oh dreadful, dreadful Curse! —

Indulgent Heav'n! remove this ponderous load,  
Cease to afflict my Age, divert this Ill!

Or oh relent, and give me leave to die. —

My Pray'rs are not in vain, my Eyes grow dim,  
My Blood runs cold, and strength forsakes my Limbs.  
Sure it is Death, that sinks me to the Earth.

[ falls down ]

Oh wellcom Death! wellcom thou gentle Guest!

Soft is thy Pace and amiable thy Looks.

*Enter Sabina and O'Neill.*

*Sa.* My Father on the Ground! oh piteous sight!

*O N.* How are you *Sir*!

*Sa.* Wretch that I am, to see this woeful sight!

*O N.* What has occasion'd this?

*Sa.* Oh Speak! oh say you live and give me Life!

*O B.* Forbear thy soft Complaints, leave me to die.

*Sa.* Tell but the Cause,

That the sad Tale may end me too.

*O N.* Good *Sir* arise! here in the sight of all  
Your Camp, this posture suits not Majesty.

*O B.* Why have ye stopt the Course of friendly  
Death? [ Rising ]

Why have ye brought me back to hasted Life?

*O N.* This Grief enfeebles you, makes you unfit  
For our great Enterprize against the *Dane*.

*O B.* The *Dane*! say'dst thou the *Dane*? Oh name  
him not!

Death, Ruine and Disgrace are in the Name.

*Sa.* Oh my poor boding Heart! oh hapless Maid!

*O B.* Why, why is Life so wretchedly prolong'd!  
When ev'ry Day our Sorrows are encreas'd,  
Life is a Curse, yet we are bound to live.

G 2

Death

# 44 HIBERNIA FREED.

Death flies apace to seize the prosperous Man,  
 Slowly he moves when the afflicted call;  
 Nor may the wretched hasten his Approach;  
 Else with no sighs my dauntless Heart shou'd swell,  
 Nor shou'd unmanly Tears bedew my Cheeks,  
 Daggers and Poison I wou'd deal around  
 To Her, to thee, to me; we all wou'd die,  
 And save the Pains, the shame attending Life.

O N. Your Fortune is severe; Subjects may grieve  
 And mourn the weight of the Usurper's Yoak.  
 But who can feel, who can describe the Grief,  
 The Rage of Kings depos'd by lawless Power.

O B. Oh were that all! had I no other Cause,  
 How wou'd I triumph in Captivity!  
 In Prison laught, and shake my Chains with Joy,  
 And find sweet Music in the ratling Noise!  
 But my *Sabina*! oh!

O N. Ha! what of her?

O B. To force my Daughter to a Tyrant's Bed,  
 Make her the Sacrifice of impious Love!  
 Can the indulgent Father yield to this?

Sa. Oh gracious Heav'n!

O N. Furies! what do I hear?

O B. Or see my People butcher'd in cold Blood,  
 Both helpless Infancy and feeble Age  
 Mangl'd and torn by the Tormentor's Art!  
 And can the King support the dreadful Thought!

O N. Hell only can project so damn'd a Deed.

O B. Such is the dire Command, so wills the Dane.

O N. Oh Monster! Blood-Hound! oh incarnate  
 Fiend!

Sa. Oh ye blest Saints! oh Guardians of our Faith!

O N. But we may yet prevent his curst Design,  
 To Morrow Night this Tyranny may end.

O B. He will this Night, this Instant be obey'd.

O N. Then let us Dye this Night; rush bravely on,  
 Prevent his Malice by a glorious Death.

O B.

**OB.** Were there no more to apprehend than Death,  
I am with Age so worn, with Care oppress'd,  
My Crown regain'd now wou'd not please me much.  
Alas! to Dye, to me were Happiness.

But who will then protect wrong'd Innocence?  
Who for my People supplicate Redress?  
Who guard *Sabina* from the victor's Rage?

**ON.** Oh there I sink, oh there the Wound strikes  
deep!

My Heart empier'st with Grief can scarcely heave,  
My Brain turns round and I grow stupify'd,  
Sunk with my Sorrows, overwhelm'd with Cares.

**Sa.** Unhappy wretch! was ever Fate like mine?

**OB.** Oh my poor Child! and oh my bleeding Land!

**Sa.** Oh my Dear Father! oh my injur'd King!

**ON.** Oh my fair spotless Love! thee, thee I mourn,  
Thy Sorrows swell my Breast and tear my Heart,  
And hurry me to Madness and Despair —

Rush from your Dens ye fierce imprison'd Winds!

To viewless Atoms shake this pendant Globe!

Ye teeming Clouds rain flaming Sulphur down!

A greater Tempest rages in my Breast,

A fiercer Flame devours and burns my Heart.

**Sa.** Yet there is Heav'n, yet there are Saints above!  
Oh hear my Prayers, ease my afflicted Soul!

**ON.** Guard her ye Pow'rs! guard her from brutal  
Force!

On me, on me pour all your Vengeance down!

Give to these hungry Ravagers my Crown,

Drive me to Exile, Misery and Want,

Let Cowards hunt my Life, destroy my Fame!

But oh *Sabina*! spare her Innocence!

Spare and reward the virtue you approve!

**OB.** Give to your Sorrows Pause! — sure Heav'n  
relents,

And my good Angel has inspir'd the Thought. —

'Tis not impossible — it may succeed. —

**ON**

## 46 HIBERNIA FREED.

**ON.** What may succeed? Oh shew the happy Way  
Shew me the Road to Death, shew Liberty to Her.

**OB.** My Thoughts are yet imperfect and con-  
fuss'd;

We will retire and shape them into Form.

A Gleam of Hope revives and cheers my Soul,  
And my vext Mind, by various Ills oppress'd,  
Again grows Calm, at sight of some Relief.

Thus the broad *Shannon* hastens to the Sea;  
And Hills and Rocks in vain obstruct his Way.  
Oppos'd by Tempests and the foamy Main,  
His Flood indignant swells and frights the Plain.  
But when the Rage of *Libian* Storms is spent,  
And Ocean, calm'd, recalls the Waves he lent.  
The injur'd Flood resumes his wonted Fame,  
The threat'ned Shores rejoice, and bless the noble  
Stream.

*The End of the Fourth ACT.*



**ACT**



## A C T V.

*The Scene changes to the Danish Camp.*

*Enter Tungefius.*

*Tur.* **H**E must obey; surrounded with my Troops  
 He cannot fly; or whither wou'd he fly?  
 The Friends who still adhere to his Distress,  
 Are with uncommon Bravery endu'd,  
 But they so few, 'tis Madness to resist. —  
 Then there is no Retreat for him, but Death.  
 And that their Law, what they call Faith, forbids. —  
 Then she must come; I have decreed she shall,  
 And will in Transports waste the joyous Night. —  
 Why am I then disturb'd, whence these sad Thoughts!  
 What gloomy Terrors thus invade my Heart,  
 And rack me with imaginary Ills! —  
 Proceed thee from the Eagerness Love,  
 Doubtful of Happiness not yet possess'd? —  
 Am I not Lord of all this goodly Isle,  
 Subdu'd, enslav'd by this victorious Arm?  
 Who dare dispute, who can oppose my Will?  
 And yet my Heart refuses to rejoice.

*Enter Erric.*

Am I obey'd?

*Er.* The Victims are arriv'd.

*Tur.* Then be at Ease my Heart,  
 Thou shalt enjoy thy Love.

And

# 48 . H I B E R N I A F R E E D !

And how bear they their Fate? Shamefac'd, abash'd;  
Fix they their sparkling Eyes upon the Ground,  
Glow not the Blushes on their Vermil Cheeks?

*Er.* They seem th' Attendants of the mournful  
Grave;  
Prepar'd for Death, not for the Genial Bed.

*Tur.* Speak not of Death, I startle at the Word,  
Something unusual makes me dread the Sound,

*Er.* They all are cloath'd alike, a long black Veil  
Covers them o'er, and shrouds them from our Sight.  
And when we bid throw off the sad Disguise,  
In faltering Accents then they whisper soft,  
Oh spare our Shame, guard us from publick View!  
In your Apartments we will yield to Love.

*Tur.* And so far we will yield to their Request:  
They are with Modesty encumber'd yet;  
But Practice makes the bashful Virgin bold.

*Er.* With more majestic State the Princess moves,  
And marches foremost of the Sable Troop.

*Tur.* Seek not with Praises to increase a Flame  
Which preys too much already on my Heart.  
Go thou, conduct her in; *Sabina* bring,  
To ease my Love and dissipate my Cares.

*Er.* Might I presume, since safe within your Camp,  
I wou'd advise they might be spar'd this Night.  
To-morrow give to Love, this Night to War.

*Tur.* What says the Trifler! what! delay my Bliss!

*Er.* Some of your Officers who guard the *Boyn*,  
Arriv'd this Instant, bring surprising News.

One

One in the Service of *O'Neill*, at close  
 Of Day was seiz'd, and on the Rack confess'd,  
 Your Forces in *Ultonia*, too secure,  
 Dispers'd and negligent, are overthrown.  
*O'Neill*, collecting all his scatter'd Troops,  
 With Speed incredible renew'd the War.  
 And gain'd an easy Victory; and now,  
 Elated with success, he leads them on  
 Resolv'd to combat you.

*Tur.* Why let him come.

We shall chastise the rash presumptuous Boy.

*Er.* He is arriv'd, now in *O'Brien's* Tent.

*Tur.* There let him stay; there let him waste this  
 Night.

In idle Vaunts, to Morrow he shall die.

*Er.* This Night he meditates some great Design.  
 His Troops resolve to pass the *Boyn* this Night,  
 And the Reward of this bold Enterprize,  
 Must be *Sabina's*, your *Sabina's*, Heart.

*Tur.* And dare his Thoughts aspire to what I love?  
 In thousand Pieces shall the Slave be torn,  
 Stretch'd on the Rack he shall beg Death in vain,  
 And lingering die, while I stand by and Laugh.

*Er.* Then execute your brave Revenge this Night.  
 March to their Camp, and seize them unprepar'd.  
 To Morrow take the Princess to your Arms,  
 Unrivall'd, undisturb'd.

*Tur.* Is she not here attending my Commands?  
 Unworthy were I of th' approaching Bliss,  
 Should I defer it by thy cold Advice.  
 Would he were also here! then, then  
 Would I rejoyce, and every Passion feast.

*Er.* To Morrow you may gratify that Wish.  
 rob'd of his Love, when he is just arriv'd,  
 His Fury may attempt some desperate Act.

*Tur.* Hence with thy Fears,, and hither bring  
 my Love.

H

Bring



Bring me my Heav'n, bring my *Sabina* here.  
 Make thy Choice next, and then dispose the rest  
 Among my Officers, whom I have nam'd.

*Er.* Before this Night is pass'd, you may destroy  
 Your Foe, and love in full security.

*Tur.* Slave! Thou art brib'd to move for this  
 delay.

*Er.* Brib'd by my Duty, by my Love to you.

*Tr.* Thy Zeal grows troublesome; leave me, begon.

*Er.* Yet Sir! reflect —

*Tur.* Again; not yet obey'd —

Thy next reply is Death—hast, lead her in.

[*Exit. Erric.*

Shall it be said, I left my Love through Fear,  
 Because O *Neill* has stolen a victory?

No, at my leisure I will punish him.

This Night shall be devoted to my Love;

To morrow to Revenge, my second Joy;

Perhaps to Morrow it may be my first.

*Sabina is led in by Erric, at the lower End of the  
 Stage.*

But she appears? down, my tumultuous Heart!

Beat not so fast! with leisure taste thy Joys——

What Joy? She looks the Messenger of Death,

And Fears and Doubts again invade my Mind.——

Clasp'd in her Arms I will transported lie,

Regain my Freedom, and expel those Fears.——

But see: she makes a sign to have him gone.

She would no Witness to the amorous Fight.

Void thou the Place, make hast and seize thy Prey.

[*Exit Erric.*

She beckons to the Door,

She would have that 'secured.

She fears to have our coming Joys disturb'd.

I like her Caution well.

[*Goes to the Door, and* *lc it.*

Now throw aside thy Veil, thou lovely Fair!

**Fly**

Fly to my Arms! receive——

*O Neill throwing off his Veil; discovers himself, and advances swiftly to him, a Dagger in his Hand.*

*O N.* Receive thy Death,

The just Reward of thy inhumane Deeds.

*Tur.* Amazement! whence or what art thou?

*O N.* Thy vanquish'd Troops have trembled at my Name.

Now tremble thou. Know I am call'd *O Neill*.

From my Dominions I have driven thy Troops,

And now am sent by Heaven to punish Thee.

*Tur.* Talkest thou of Punishment here in my Camp,

In my own Palace lodg'd, my Guards in Call?

*O N.* Not all thy Guards, not all thy Friends from Hell,

Should dare protect thee from the Wrath of Heaven.

Bless'd be that Heaven! which, listning to my Prayers,

Has chosen me to execute that Wrath,

To free my Country, to protect my Love,

To guard *Sabina* from thy base Attempt.

*Tur.* Thy Love!

*O N.* The bless'd *Sabina*! doom'd for me.

*Tur.* I can no longer brook thy Insolence,

But give Command to have thee drag'd to Death.

*O N.* But I shall tame thy Insolence of Mind.

I seize Thee thus; resist not on thy Life,

Nor hope to free thy self from this strong Gripe.—

Methinks thus fortify'd in Virtues Cause,

I could to Atoms shake this mouldring Clay.

Make me no loud Reply; behold this Steel;

Dare not to call, dare not to look a sign,

Or if thou dost, that Moment thou art Earth.

*Tur.* Forego thy Hold; my Life is in thy Power.

But let me reason with thee e're I die.

Becomes

Becomes this Act a King? thus in Disguise,  
 Putting the Semblance of another on,  
 Thus to assault me unprepar'd, unarm'd?  
 Thou who art bred to Arms, nurs't in a Camp,  
 Practis'd in open, honourable War;  
 Thou who dost boast thy Glories lately Won,  
 Thou shouldst have met me in the dusty Field,  
 When all the World might have beheld the Fight,  
 There wav'd thy Sword, and there have threatned  
 Death.

O N. Talk'st thou of open, honourable War?  
 Thou who hast stretch'd thy Conquest by vile Fraud,  
 Broken all Laws of Hospitality,  
 Betray'd thy Nourishers, designing Rapes,  
 Embru'd with Murder, stain'd with Sacrilege,  
 Doe'st thou upbraid an honest Artifice?  
 Doe'st thou reproach the Rescue of my Love?

Tur. Death bears a dreadful sound! yet that my  
 Love,

That she's design'd for Thee afflicts me more.  
 The Rage, the Pangs of disappointed Love,  
 Exceed the Agonies of parting Breath.

O N. Wast not thy little time in idle Complaints  
 For loss of Love or Life; look beyond Death,  
 My Hate pursues Thee not in th' other World.  
 Think of thy miserable Portion there,  
 And by Repentance mitigate thy Pains,

Tur. I have not yet had leisure for those Thoughts;  
 Now I begin to dread a Future State.  
 And while I strive to follow thy Advice,  
 And deprecate those Pains; think thou on Life.  
 Think if I Dye, thou canst not long survive,  
 And so Disguise can then convey thee back.  
 Think on the Rage, the Fury of my Troops,  
 Thou canst not scape an ignominious Death.

O N. Think'st thou I came not here prepared  
 for Death?

But

But no Disgrace shall wait me to the Grave.  
 It is the cause of Death that brings Disgrace;  
 When we for Honor, Faith, or Justice bleed,  
 Gibbets and Chains are honourable made.  
 And Martyrs with the Heroes vie for Fame.

*Tur.* Say I shou'd quit my Love, and yield to  
 Peace.

*O N.* Fond Man! I see to what thy Answers  
 tend;

Thou seek'st Delay, in hopes of some Relief.

I too delay; I aim beyond thy Life.

This Night (be Heav'n propitious to our Prayers)  
 Shall free us ever from thy cruel Yoke.

I wait the Signal of our blest Success,

The Virgins, sent by thy austere Command,

Are chosen Youths, brave as becomes their Birth;

Thy Minions too will meet a just Reward,

And where they hop'd for Joys of Love, find Death.

Nor is this all; my Troops have forc'd the Boys,

And, headed by our Monarch, fiercely come

To claim due Vengeance for thy barb'rous Wrongs.

*[A Signal is made without.]*

Hark! it is done! I hear the happy Sound,

My noble Friends have finish'd the great Work,

And now for Entrance seek. Thanks gracious  
 Heav'n!

*[He goes to the Door and unlocks it.]*

*Enter O Connor.*

Welcome my Friend! oh welcome to my Arms!

I see thou ha'st perform'd thy glorious Part.

How fare the rest?

*O. Con.* All have succeeded ev'n beyond our  
 Hopes.

*Erric* the Ravisher is now no more:

Behold this Ponyard, reeking with his Blood.

*Eager*

Eager he came (attended by the Chiefs  
 Appointed to divide the fancy'd Prey)  
 And with Disdain superiour to his Love,  
 He haughtily enquired which *Agnes* was,  
 And bad her follow ; gladly I obey'd:  
 He led to his Apartment ; entred there,  
 Now thou shalt yield to my Desires, he cry'd,  
 Then as he roughly tore away my Veil,  
 I plung'd this vengeful Dagger in his Heart ;  
 And all the Ravishers have met such Fate.

*Tur.* Then I am lost, beyond Redemption lost.  
*O. Con.* This Deed perform'd, we seiz'd the Castle  
 Gate,

With Ease o'rcame the drowsy Guard ; then, from  
 The Battlement, thrice wav'd a flaming Torch,  
 The Signal for our Monarch to approach,  
 And now they guard the Gate to give him En-  
 trance.

*O. N.* Seen now th' Effects of thy ill gotten Power!  
 (To *Turgesius*)

How soon thy Pride and Boasts are overthrown.  
 The Toil of Years, the Labours of thy Life,  
 Thy vain Ambition and usurp'd Dominion  
 All in one Moment lost.

*Tur.* Furies and Plagues and Death ! Despair  
 and Death !

*O. N.* I seek not to insult thy abject State,  
 Nor with harsh Words wou'd fret and wound thy  
 Soul.

Had'st thou known Mercy in thy prosperous Days,  
 And sought the lovely Paths of Temperance,  
 Had Faith and Virtue been thy pleasant Guides,  
 The Stings of Conscience wou'd not wound so deep,  
 And thou- wou'd'st bear thy Fortune more  
 compos'd. —

But hark ! the Trumpets sound, the Monarch  
 comes !

I give

I give thee Leisure to repent thy Life,  
And leave thy Fate to be dispos'd by him.

*Enter* O Brien, Sabina, Agnes, Eugenius, *Guards*.

He comes !

*Sabina* comes to make my Joys compleat.

O B. Let me embrace thee, press thee to my  
Heart.

Oh glorious Youth ! how shall I speak my Joy !  
How praise, how thank thy noble Enterprize !  
So bravely undertaken and perform'd.

Take thus my Praise, thus I return my Thanks,  
Receive *Sabina*, take her to thy Arms,  
And Peace and Happiness attend your Days.

O N. Oh 'tis too much ! too plenteous are my Joys !  
My lab'ring Heart cannot contain such Bliss.

What ! in one Night to have our Country freed,  
The Monarch reinstated on his Throne.

And thee to crown them all ! Oh 'tis too much !  
My throbbing Heart and my tumultuous Spirits  
Rob me of Speech, and I can only gaze,  
But sigh and gaze, and silent bless thy Charms.

Sa. My Virtue rescu'd, and my Life preserv'd,  
Freedom regain'd ! to owe all these to thee,  
I fear my Heart is not full Recompence ;  
But take that Heart, and ever rule my Life.

*Enter* Herimon.

He. Your Arms will gain an easy Victory.  
No sooner had our Shouts of Joy proclaim'd  
Their King was seiz'd, and all their Chiefs were  
slain,

But the tame Foe threw down their Arms and fled,  
With Cries they rend the Air, and fly tho' unpursu'd.

Two. Disgrace and Plagues attend their Coward  
Steps !

O B.

O B. Soon as the Day appears we will pursue,  
 Encrease their Fears, and finish the great Work.  
 Mean time, reward O Connor's brave Exploit,  
 I know his Love, and he deserves thy Daughter --  
 First we reward, then Justice must take Place.

Thou, who unmov'd cou'dst hear a King entreat,  
 (To Turgesius.)  
 Cou'dst scorn his Griefs, and laugh when Virtue  
 sued,

Whose Arrogance has dar'd to brave ev'n Heaven,  
 What hast thou now to hope but shameful Death?

Tur. Thou who hast known, what 'tis to feel  
 Distress,

Thou shoud'st know Mercy best, and spare my Life.

O B. Has Death been so familiar to thy Eyes?  
 The Groans of dying Men, the Virgin's Shrieks,  
 Have been thy Musick at thy bloody Feasts.  
 And art thou now afraid to die?

Tur. The Mind by Action warm'd, by Passion,  
 fir'd,

Has not full leisure to reflect on Death,  
 But hurries us unthinking upon Danger,  
 Cold and unactive now, she Safety seeks,  
 And would preserve her Being.

Give me my Life, my Conquests I resign,  
 And that base Crew, who fly me in Distress,  
 I give up to thy Wrath, let them all perish.

O B. What give thy People up to save thy  
 Life!

What is their Crime but in obeying thee?

By thee instructed to destroy and kill:

And must they perish all to save thy Life,

To add to thee a few precarious Hours?

So base a Thought exceeds thy other Crimes,

Thy many Crimes aloud for Vengeance call,

And Justice bids thee die. — Go, take him hence

And bear him to his Fate.

Tur. Then be it so,

but

But e'er I part, remember I fretell,  
 Another Nation shall revenge my Death;  
 And with successful Arms invade this Realm.

And if Hereafter be, and Souls can know,  
 And taste the Pains which Mortals undergo;  
 Mine shall rejoyce to see thy Land subdu'd,  
 And Peasants Hands with Royal Blood embru'd;  
 Then shall I laugh at Hell's severest Pain,  
 And scorn the Tortures all thy Priests can feign.  
 (He is led off)

En. Another Nation shall indeed succeed,  
 But different far in Manners from the Dane.  
 (So Heav'n inspires and urges me to speak)  
 Another Nation, famous through the World,  
 For martial Deeds, for Strength and Skill in Arms,  
 Belov'd and blest for their Humanity.  
 Where Wealth abounds, and Liberty resides,  
 Where Learning ever shall maintain her Seat,  
 And Arts and Sciences shall flourish ever.  
 Of gen'rous Minds and honourable Blood;  
 Goodly the Men, the Women heav'nly fair,  
 The happy Parents of a happy Race,  
 They shall succeed, invited to our Aid,  
 And mix their Blood with ours; one People grow,  
 Polish our Manners, and improve our Minds.

O B. Whatever Changes are decreed by Fate,  
 Bear we with Patience, with a Will resign'd.  
 Honour and Truth pursue, and firmly trust,  
 Heav'n may at last prove Kind, it will be Just.  
 (Exeunt Omnes.)

I. E P I.



# EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. Bullock.

**W**ELL! of all Men who plague this happy  
Age,  
None shew less Sense, than Writers for the Stage,  
To prove our Author such, a wheedling Rogue!  
Madam, cries he, accept this Epilogue.  
Your Charms will soften all our Critick Foes,  
You please the Ladies, and subdue the Beaux.  
Impertinent! to think I'll whine and pray,  
To get Success to his dull Moral Play.  
While I for three long Acts neglected sat,  
Another was pursu'd with amorous Chat.  
Nay almost forced! I, in my Turn, deny'd,  
But one's not always angry to be try'd.  
Whate're Resentment Decency demands,  
The Lover should not fall by Hang-mens Hands.  
He should have made me shine in every Scene,  
And treat both Lovers with a cold Disdain.  
For well our Sex can tell, the Pleasure's sweet,  
When Lordly Man lies crouching at our Feet;  
When we the Lover treat with scornful Air,  
And tho' just yielding, drive him to Despair.  
Barr'd of these Pleasures, what can he expect?  
What Woman e'er forgave a cold Neglect?  
No: let him find some other to excuse,  
And beg Remission for his whining Muse.  
As well the Babbles, late of high Renown,  
Might hope for Mercy from an injur'd Town.

*Tis true, in them his Tribe had little Share,  
They scorn dull Earth, soar high, and live on Air.  
For tho' some Poets have been found Projectors,  
I never heard of any were Directors.*

*What's this to me? my Injuries remain;  
From You I may some Recompence obtain.  
Should some of you depart this Place content,  
Let him not fancy that for him 'tis meant.  
Let me prevail; resent my slighted Cause,  
And justify my Wrath by your Applause.*

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